

Dear, hold me

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Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Dreamwastaken , GeorgeNotFound - Fandom , Minecraft Youtubers
Relationship:	George/Dream
Character:	George (George Not Found) , Dream
Additional Tags:	just fluff , some domestic bliss , they are cute and I love my boys a lot , dreamnotfound
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-08 Words: 442

Dear, hold me

by [vdearest](#)

Summary

Dream wakes up with curly hair, and George likes it. A lot.

The morning was an early one, filled with birds chirping outside and the sun shining behind the windows. A tiny apartment of two young men was a cluttered mess, but neither one of them had had the time to clean it these few weeks.

It had been stressful, with few livestreams, usual videos, and their own life. They had just moved in three weeks ago, and the apartment was still filled with boxes and non-assembled furniture.

George was still asleep, laying on the other man's arms. Dream had scolded him last night, for tumbling into their shared bed at 3 am. To his defense, Dream had also stayed up quite a few nights coding and editing, so he couldn't give much crap about it to the other man.

The sun hit George's eye, waking him up. The brunette squinted, yawning a bit. He was still wearing a random hoodie, which probably belonged to the man sleeping next to him (or more like under him).

George ruffled his hair, not making the effort to get up yet. Instead, he let his eyes wander on the sleeping blonde before his eyes.

Dream still had his arms around him, quietly snoring. His eyes were flickering behind his eyelids, and George wondered to himself what the man could be dreaming of. George smiled, tucking a loose strand of hair behind the blonde's ear.

Dream opened up his eyes a bit, looking at the smiling man.

– Good morning.
– Good morning.

Dream yawned, sitting up on the bed. While he was focused on the random stain on his t-shirt, George had suddenly been completely baffled by his bed hair.

Dream's hair had curled up to a poofy cloud of blonde hair, framing his tired face. George could not take his eyes off Dream, still a bit shocked by his very not on brand soft appearance.

– What're you looking at, bee?

George shook himself up, realizing his cheeks were still red. – Nothing...I did not know your hair did...that.

Dream scoffed, ruffling his hand through his hair. – Yeah, it's kinda annoying sometimes, he said.
– Do you like it?

– Yeah, George mumbled, still with his face red. Dream laughed at the other one, playfully punching his arm.

– Alright, bee, we gotta get to making breakfast soon, you have other work today besides just looking at my pretty face.

George scoffed, falling backward on the bed. – No, I am just gonna stay here for a while, you do the cooking....

– No, we are both getting up right now like responsible adults.
– Dreammm!

Dream simply smiled, pressing a quick kiss on the brunette's forehead.

– I'll see you in the kitchen?
– Fine.

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